

Fair and colder today.
Continued cold tomorrow

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THAW RESTS WITH INSANE IS HOPEFUL

Prisoner Says He'll
Be Free Within
a Month.

Quivering Man Hears
the Judgment of
Jury Read.

Four of Jurors Tried
to Convict in Some
Degree.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—Harry Kendall Thaw, safe at last from the electric chair or prison, went to sleep tonight in the Asylum for the Criminal Insane at Matteawan.

Arriving at the institution at 8:45 o'clock he was registered, given a bath, assigned to a place on the second floor, and conducted there by Dr. Lamb, the superintendent and keeper.

After the most tremendous day of his life, he pulled himself together until he was as calm as the men at his door. Then he said:

"Good night, gentlemen. I hope we will get along well together. I'm going to make things easy for you. I won't be here long. In two weeks or a month, I'll be sleeping at home. In the meantime I'm going to keep quiet and show everybody that I'm perfectly sane."

Thaw Soon Goes to Sleep.

When the keeper made his next round Stanford White's slayer was lying placidly in his new bed, asleep. He will remain in the asylum until a commission in lunacy pronounces him sane.

Thaw will be kept in the big observation ward for a couple of weeks, and closely watched. On the report of experts who will watch him will determine the quarters he will occupy during the remainder of his term there. The doctors in charge are great believers in outdoor work and exercise, and if his physical condition warrants, he will undoubtedly be given much of this kind of treatment.

Evelyn Thaw reached her home, in Park avenue, at 4:30 o'clock from the Tombs. When asked her impression concerning the finding of the jury, she smiled and said:

Evelyn Satisfied.

"Considering everything, the verdict was very satisfactory and all we could expect under the circumstances. Further than that I must not say anything, for my lawyers have forbidden me to talk."

Scarcely an hour after the verdict of not guilty because of insanity, the members of the Thaw family were in conference with their lawyers as to the advisability of applying for a writ of habeas corpus. Thaw was greatly enraged over being committed to the asylum and argued strenuously for the application to be made. It was finally decided to defer this action at least until next week.

Shortly before four o'clock Evelyn Thaw's automobile drew up in front of the prison. She and Attorney O'Reilly and Peabody quickly entered it and a couple of minutes later Thaw himself and the deputy sheriff, in whose charge he was, followed. As the machine sped away there was a cheer from the crowd of fully a thousand which had gathered.

Taken to Asylum.

The run to the Grand Central station was quickly made and Thaw was hustled into a smoking car of the local train for Fishkill Landing. Few people learned that Thaw passed through the station. O'Reilly, Peabody, Detective Moore, and Josiah Thaw accompanied Harry to the asylum.

When Thaw and his party reached here at 6:30 o'clock Thaw was in a jovial mood, and the party went to the hotel to wait for carriages to convey them to the asylum, two miles distant.

Thaw smiled at the crowd about the depot, but seemed worried by the presence of a big staff of photographers who bombarded him with flashlights. In the hotel parlor he ordered liquid refreshments, and sat down at the piano and played a number of tunes. He seemed in little hurry to leave, but after half an hour he and his friends took the carriages for the asylum. Thaw hid his face with his handkerchief to avoid the photographers as he got into the carriage.

Reaching the asylum he was met by
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PORTUGAL KING AND HEIR SLAIN BY THE VOLLEY FROM ASSASSINS



KING CARLOS AND PRINCE LUIZE PHILIPPE.

The picture on the left shows the King of Portugal, and that on the right his heir, both of whom were slain yesterday by bullets of assassins.

Second Son of Monarch Near Death
From Wounds.

Queen in Party Hovers About Her Dying Child.

Lisbon Stormed by
Mobs--Rumors Ter-
rify Residents.

LISBON, Portugal, Feb. 1.—King Carlos and Crown Prince Luiz Philippe were shot dead as they drove into Lisbon today from Milla Vicosa in an open carriage.

A party of regicides had been lying in wait for the royal carriage at the Prado Commercio and the Rua Do Arsenal.

As the vehicle appeared the conspirators leaped forward, pulled the carbines from under their cloaks, and fired.

His majesty's second son, Prince Manuel, was probably mortally wounded.

Queen Amelie sprang from her seat and tried to shield Prince Luiz with her own body, but was too late. She escaped unhurt.

The police guard opened fire on the regicides, killing three of them. The others escaped. Their exact number is unknown.

Mobs Sweeping Streets.

Mobs are sweeping the streets. The city is in a state of anarchy. The better class of citizens are barricaded in their homes. The complete overthrow of the monarchy is imminent.

The assassination was unquestionably the result of today's decree authorizing Premier Franco and his colleagues to expel political "undesirables" from the country.

For years Carlos had tried to control with the mailed hand of royal cruelty the smoldering volcano of his people's wrath. When he was warned, he played the piano and sang Castilian love songs. When the best classes of his kingdom's people pleaded with him to give his subjects relief from oppression, he took a motoring trip or hunted the wild boar.

Laughed at Peasant's Pleas.

When the peasants who lived on chestnuts as their only food cried for deliverance from his yoke, he drowned their voices with the laughter of painted women paid to minister to his causeless vanity.

A glutton, an idler, and a King who bartered his subjects' interests for a mess of pottage, he talked vaguely of why he should exercise tyranny to suppress the murmurs throughout his land. Having fostered every political disease in the calendar, he met his death through the greatest sore than can fasten on a body politic—anarchy.

Made Kingdom Poorer.

He found a kingdom poor, and made it poorer. He discovered in it socialism as a reforming power, and transformed the reforming tendency into a masterpiece of revolution.

He married a noble woman, and his cruelty and infidelity wrung from her lips a lament that she had ever borne him a son. He spoiled and ruined the crown prince, who reached the time when he could scorn and despise his royal father.

The day Carlos was slain he was a social outcast in his own realm. The day he died he could look across the valleys of his realm and gaze at the mountains of his dominions, and know that everywhere there was a great, undying hatred for him, who, as a libertine and a tyrant, had brought nothing but woe and anguish to his people and his family.

But his family, for the sake of their position, made a show of friendliness. It was in such a demonstration that they were engaged when their equipage rolled down the streets of Lisbon this afternoon, reeled toward the roar of anarchists' guns and the death-dealing hiss of murderers' bullets.

Women Pray for Safety.

From the populace of the capital, there was no sign of friendship. Women looked out through lattices to pray for safety. Men stood on the white varandas and called down maledictions on the head of their ruler. Children had been schooled to hate. On all sides there were lowering brows and gloomy eyes.

Portugal's royalty, forsooth, was re-

PRESIDENT FIRST TO HEAR NEWS; SHOCK GREAT

Portuguese Minister,
Told at Late Supper,
Too Much Overcome
To Speak.

Not since the assassination of President McKinley have state and diplomatic circles in Washington been stirred by more shocking news than that which reached them last night of the murder of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal.

President Roosevelt himself was the first official to hear the news. It came from United States Minister Charles Page Bryan, at Lisbon, and reached the White House almost simultaneously with the press dispatches.

The President was inexpressibly shocked, but pending the receipt of further details forbore any expression for publication. Up to a late hour no further information had been received. The original dispatch simply read: "The King and Crown Prince have been assassinated."

Minister Told at Supper.

The news of the assassination was received by Viscount de Alte, the Portuguese Minister to the United States, shortly after he left one of the theaters and while taking supper with some friends. Minister de Alte immediately hurried to the embassy, where two cipher cablegrams were waiting for him.

One message contained the bare announcement that King Carlos and Crown Prince Philippe had been assassinated. The second cablegram, sent some time later, stated that order was being maintained, and there was no danger that the government would be overthrown.

Viscount de Alte was too agitated to comment on the terrible news from

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J. H. Small & Sons, Florists,
Washington and New York.—Adv.

HARSH HAND OF RULER HEAVY ON PORTUGUESE, AND ROYAL BLOOD FLOWS

Premier Franco Given
Full Power to Sup-
press Anti-Mon-
archists.

LISBON, Feb. 1.—Within two hours after the promulgation of the now historic drastic decree, the country is indeed, "deluged in blood." And not for the lack of these autocratic measures, it appears, but because of them, and in spite of them.

It is now seen that for the past month the stage has been setting for this tremendous tragedy of kings and princes. For fully that time, Lisbon, reflecting conditions throughout the kingdom, has been in constant turmoil. The growing severity of the measures of oppression, and the dictatorship of Premier Franco, the numerous arrests, the domiciliary visits, and the general brutality of the police, all combined to feed those passions on which revolutions thrive.

Kings seldom profit by experience. Carlos was no wiser than Louis XVI.

Premier Too Drastic.

Premier Franco was allowed a free hand. Absolutely inflexible, within the past week he announced a determination either to banish or exile all suspects regardless of rank or position. He destroyed the liberty of the press, suppressed all public manifestations, and repressed all street manifestations, and turned loose a strong street patrol which by day and by night has held in terror practically the entire population of Lisbon.

This was not the rabble alone that felt the stern hand of oppression. Here were conditions that were intolerable to people of the highest class as well as those of the gutter. In an insidious, indefinable, but deadly tangible manner, the divine right of the King came into direct conflict with the rights of a whole people living in the twentieth century of the Christian era. The result was inevitable.

Even with all that had gone before, the end might yet have been averted.

Cause of Murders of Carlos and Son

Blood flows in Lisbon streets two hours after drastic decree is effective.

Premier Franco's harsh methods to suppress people and right to banish them, given as immediate cause of double tragedy.

"Reign of terror" declared peer of sufferings of civilized world.

Anarchists plead for revocation of orders enforcing hardships and flee to safety.

pension, a few days ago, thus summed up the situation:

"We are living in a reign of terror, such as often precedes the downfall of a strong government."

Prediction Soon Fulfilled.

With crushing force came the fulfillment of the sinister prediction tonight, when in quick succession the King and his hereditary successor fell beneath the hand of assassins, and the government came toppling down under the impelling force of a revolutionary movement that may add Portugal to the list of free republics.

Carlos was warned. His own son, now dead beside him, an innocent sacrifice to the blind rapacity of the revolutionists—counseled moderation and the repression of the arch repressionist, Franco.

Many republicans, and even scores of anarchists, before fleeing the country to avoid the possibility of arrest, besought the King to pause and reflect.

Instead, Carlos resolutely supported the premier in every step he took, and yet another sinister prediction was made that King and premier would stand or fall together.

Even with all that had gone before, the end might yet have been averted.

Wholesale Arrests of Plotters Add to the Complex Situation.

but for the fatal government decree that was gazetted today. It struck the final deep note of tyranny. Armed with it, Franco had the people at bay—driven into a corner.

With power to send any citizen of high or low degree into exile or banishment on mere suspicion—with all parliamentary immunity suspended—with all persons sentenced for alleged political agitation classed as criminals and deprived of civic rights, titles, decorations, etc., after a forced trial within two days of their arrest and with no right of appeal—what was left?

Franco justified the move on the ground that it was necessary before the country was "deluged in blood."

The crushing reply of the outraged people came in today's bloody crime—comparable to that kindly butchery in Belgrade but a few years ago.

All Turmoil Now.

No one knows what tomorrow will bring forth. All is turmoil and confusion yet. There is no head and front to the revolution. A hundred portentous rumors fill the air. Those who might lead, counsel, and advise at this critical moment are behind barred doors where they have been thrown by the agents of Franco.

Deputy Almeida, former Deputy Costa, Viscount Rabelha, all level-headed men, were arrested several days ago for political activity and are in one of the several prisons here.

As a result of the long contest between people and police, in which the former have been kept in leash by the arms of the latter, the city is a boiling caldron from which anything may be expected if a determined leader arises and welds the hundred-odd bands of revolutionists into a compact army.

BOY PRINCE, BARELY ALIVE, NOW THE KING

Behind New Monarch
Stand Indomitable Pre-
mier Franco and the
Royal Mother.

The throne of Portugal is now occupied by King Manuel, a boy of nineteen years, who is hovering between life and death.

At the time of the outrageous attack upon him and the others of the ruling family he was known as Prince Manuel, Duke of Beja. He was the second son, but in the single terrible attack upon the royal house of Portugal the crown was suddenly placed upon his head.

Upon this boy's shoulders is shifted the appalling responsibility of bringing order out of the dreadful chaos which is rending his country. But back of him there will still be the indomitable, dominating will of Premier Franco, the man whose ruthless measures have been so largely responsible for the tragedy of yesterday.

What possibilities there are in this boy King are to be determined. As the second son, he has been little considered in connection with the affairs of the country, his characteristics and abilities have been less closely observed than those of his brother.

If he survives to face the test, his metal will be shown quickly.

But for the present he will be the King only in name. The real power remains in the hands of Franco and of his mother, who doubtless will become regent, if the present government is not overthrown.

When You Want Flowers of Any
Description see Shaffer, 14 & L.—Adv.